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Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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SKETCHES FROM MUNICH.

No. 3.

THE public cemetery of Munich lies a short distance outside the Sendling Gate of the city. It comprises a vast space of ground, is of an uniform surface, and intersected by broad walks running in a straight line, on each side of which are the tracts assigned for interment. Adjoining the entrance gates, is a small church devoted to funeral services; and at the opposite extremity of the place, a dead-house closed by large glass doors, wherein all persons before being finally committed to the earth must lie exposed in their coffins for a certain number of days. This, though a repugnant regulation to English ideas, is nevertheless considered one of very wise precaution here. A visit to this cemetery is extremely interesting to the stranger—especially an English catholic. The extraordinary variety of monumental designs which presents itself, cannot be well supposed unless seen. The poorest grave has invariably its pious memorial—generally a tall black cross of wood with a white Christ painted on it, and an inscription with a verse from scripture or other holy sentiment. Indeed, crucifixes are the favourite device with all classes. They are seen under every form, made of all materials, and of all styles; forming either the monument of themselves, or crowning it. They are often of colossal size, gorgeously gilt or carved, and otherwise expensively decorated. Next to the crucifix our blessed Lady and her adorable Son prevail over other effigies. They often appear inserted in a niche scooped in the face of the monument at the grave's head, and secured by a pane of glass. There is to be seen a world of sculptured figures within chapels or under domes, or inclosed by wirework inside cases of wood. Many of them are the productions of the most celebrated artists in Germany, resident at Munich. A great number of the monuments are also very richly adorned with fresco painting, and present an unique and striking appearance. All the grave-mounds are commonly inclosed by rail or wire-work, and planted with the choicest flowers. At the foot of each is fixed a vessel of marble or stone containing holy water, with a sprinkling brush attached. It is an affecting sight constantly witnessed in a ramble through this cemetery, to see, for example, a widow and her group of children surround upon their knees a certain grave which is dear to them, where the husband and father rests, and all join in some devout commemoration; which when concluded, she will first herself sprinkle in the form of a cross the flowers of the mound, and then guide her little ones each in its turn to do the same. Garlands, too, are very generally made use of to crown the monuments with, as a mark of pious regard. They are sold at the gates by persons who regularly deal in them. They are beautifully woven in every fanciful style. Few persons who resort to the last resting-place of one formerly dear to them, but purchase for a trifle a fresh green wreath to deposit as a memento of their visit. Flowers are a very prominent feature in German funerals. The corpse is usually laid in its coffin arrayed in its finest worldly clothes, and profusely set off with

flowers and green branches. In this manner they may be seen every day exposed in the dead-house of the cemetery. The funeral procession sets out preceded by surpliced priests, torches and processional cross, holy water and incense. The body follows, either drawn in a hearse or carried by bearers. The mourners bring up the rear. The hearse-horses and drivers are profusely decorated with flowers and garlands, one of which latter is also generally suspended on the processional cross. Funerals often take place at dark hour. The other evening about half-past ten o'clock, I met a large crowd bearing blazing flambeaux, and proceeding towards the cemetery, whose church bell was tolling for the occasion. A band of brass instruments accompanied the cortege, and played a sad and solemn kind of march. On inquiry I learned it was the interment of a student of the university, who was thus accompanied to his last resting-place by a host of his companions. When the body was lowered into the grave, the assembled students, supported by the band, intoned an affecting hymn, which was chorused by the crowd. All the circumstances rendered the scene very impressive. But the cemetery of Munich presents the most striking spectacle on the feast of All Souls. On that day, it is the custom for all to make a solemn visitation to their last resting-places of their departed friends and relatives. The outward manifestation of the sentiment of the occasion, is there shown by an extraordinary decoration of the graves and monuments with festoons and garlands of the hugubrious sort, for the sale of which there is a perfect fair going on in the streets leading to the gates. But the chief feature is the illumination of the tombs, by means of variegated lamps suspended upon them, and arranged so as to form appropriate allegorical devices. Artists attend on the spot, who undertake for a trifle to decorate according to each one's fancy or means. The scene is of the most moving kind. In every direction family and other groups are to be seen gathered round the graves, reciting in loud and earnest tones prayers suited to the spirit of the day. The sprinkling-brushes are constantly in hand; and those who have no graves to visit of their own friends, consider it a pious work to wander about and join in the devotions of those who have. About three o'clock in the afternoon the scene is at its height, for at that hour the king, attended by a brilliant suite, arrives on the ground and continues mingling with the crowd till four, when he takes his departure, of course followed speedily by that great proportion whose chief object is ever curiosity and pleasure. The cemetery of Munich is open to persons of all countries and religions. Several of the great festivals of religion are kept with great splendour; but the most striking of them all is that of Corpus Christi, when the solemn procession of the blessed Sacrament through the chief streets of the city is distinguished by extraordinary pomp. Nothing indeed can be more religiously exciting, especially to the English catholic, than to witness and assist at such a ceremony as this. I will endeavour to give a sketch of it as witnessed at Munich. On the eve of this great occasion, the principal streets and squares of the city, along which the procession will pass, are ornamented by the inhabi-

ants who live in them in a very gay manner. Trees are planted on each side of the road throughout the entire rout. Then, from the windows of the houses, are tastefully suspended the finest draperies and carpeting which the inmates possess: also their sacred pictures in their gilt frames are turned out from parlour and bed-room, and made to tell on the outside walls. In addition, gaudy wreaths of evergreens and flowers form a conspicuous feature of the embellishments. Some houses are entirely coated with mosaic work formed of flowers and leaves, which are previously wrought on speculation for the occasion. The streets also are laid with board flooring, over which flowers are profusely scattered. At given points, generally in some square, or where two or more streets meet, temporary altars are set up, for the benediction of the blessed sacrament, and are magnificently adorned. For this purpose jewellers commonly contribute their costly valuables. A fine triumphal arch occupies the approach to these altars. On the morning of the day itself the church-bells merrily ring, and the streets are densely thronged by the towns-people and peasantry for miles around in their gayest holiday costume: while the military every where appear in their gaudiest uniforms, and the national guard turn out on full duty. By half-past nine o'clock the great high mass at the Cathedral is over, and the procession immediately sets out. It is of enormous extent. Every public body, secular and religious, has its place, according to settled precedence, in it. The array of charity and other schools is interminable. The female ones are ever remarkable for their elegant and tasty appearance. Troops of innocent young girls robed in white, crowned with roses, and carrying nosegays in their hands, never fail to make a principal effect. And truly what can be more in keeping with such a solemnity, than that those, who in heaven, as the scriptures inform us, attend upon the Lamb whithersoever he goes, should also have the same privilege on earth? It would be impossible, as well as very tedious, to detail at length on paper, the different companies, societies, trades, clubs, corporations, and religious orders, male and female, wearing severally their proper costumes, and bearing their emblematical insignia, which successively present themselves as the gorgeous train moves on. Nor need one attempt to dwell on the variety of costly banners, and triumphal cars occupied by splendidly attired images of our Lady with her Son, as well as of other saints, which constantly fix the eye of the beholder. But a passing allusion may still be made to one of the most striking features of the scene, which is, the companies of Pilgrims. The idea of them emanated from the king, who had seen them in Italy, and who, quite in character with his known artistic turn, takes great interest in all that can add effect to religious ceremonials. These pilgrims, who have only appeared in the Munich procession within the last two or three years, walk in distinct bodies at different intervals—each body arrayed in becoming costumes of a different colour. Their effect is very fine indeed, and with their bannered staves, sandaled feet, flowing robes, scrips and shells, carry the mind far into the ages of faith and chivalry. As the procession proceeds gravely along, while the litanies and psalms alternately recited and sung resound on all sides, the splendour and importance of its appearance increase; warning you that the holy sacrament is nearer and nearer at hand. You have waited two hours at your window, and have almost grown tired with gazing at the passing pageant. Suddenly you are startled by every bell in the immediate neighbourhood beginning to ring, and you observe a rapid movement among the troops who line each side of the whole rout under arms. You lean forward to survey what is coming, and you see in the distance a perfect sea of heads: the civil authorities in their robes are in sight, and behind them a long array of chanting priests, whose gorgeous copes and chasubles sparkle in the sun through clouds of incense rolling up from golden thurifers. Terminating there,

you discover a costly canopy of velvet surmounted by ostrich plumes, and borne on gilt poles by the most distinguished citizens. Under it the venerable archbishop carries the sacred Host in a splendid remonstrance, which he constantly turns about to each side of the way for the worship of the people. But it has now arrived before your eyes; and immediately the word of command is heard from the officer on the spot, when all the soldiers present arms, and fall forward on one knee, holding their muskets inclined with one hand, and having the back of the other pressed against their helmets: at the same instant the drums beat a salute, the band joins in, and thus all military honours are duly rendered to the King of kings. At the crowded windows, the giddiest spectators drop upon their knees, for of course to the most insensible such a scene is irresistible. Close behind the archbishop walks his majesty the king bare-headed, richly attired, attended by the royal princes and a numerous suite of courtiers and noblemen. After them reaching across the way, marches a double file of soldiery in close order, which closes the procession, and keeps off the press of the miscellaneous crowds, who now follow in long and dense masses, repeating aloud prayers and hymns proper for the occasion, and whose earnest and devout demeanour cannot be viewed without the strongest emotion. As the procession arrives at the different altars which I have mentioned above, it forms around them, while solemn benediction is performed. This is a most imposing sight, as may be supposed: such a one as only catholicism can realize, which alone can infuse a real religious enthusiasm into a whole people, and cause it to emanate in one national tribute, such, for example, as this which I have described. During the octave several minor processions occur, chiefly parochial ones: which, though not so grand as the one on Corpus Christi day, are still very striking, and perhaps more devout. At any rate they wonderfully elicit and inspire the religious sympathies of the people.

COURAGE OF THE JACKDAW

ABOUT five o'clock on a recent morning, a singular combat was witnessed in the burial ground of St. John's Chapel, in this town. A pair of Jackdaws have for several seasons built their nest and reared their young in a cavity beneath a projecting spout at one corner of the chapel; and on the present occasion were encouraging their newly-fledged offspring to test the strength of their pinions by taking short flights from the nest to an adjoining tree, when one of the sooty youngsters, in making the attempt, proved unequal to the feat, and came fluttering to the ground. A hungry cat, most probably on the prowl for a breakfast, instantly pounced upon the poor bird, and was bearing it off in her mouth, when she was assailed by the parent jackdaws, who, uttering loud cries of distress, used their beaks and claws with such effect, that puss was glad to drop her prey, and beat a temporary retreat. In a few minutes she again returned to the charge, and was again repulsed. Nothing daunted, she made a third essay to secure so tempting a morsel, and from the exhausted condition of the parent birds would certainly have succeeded, but for the interference of a couple of labourers, who clambered over the iron railing of the inclosure, and speedily terminated the unequal combat by rescuing the young jackdaw from the clutches of the feline spoiler, and compelling the latter to seek safety in flight. The intended victim of her ravenous appetite is now in the possession of one of the men, and although severely lacerated by her teeth and talons, is in a fair way of recovery.—*Lancaster Guardian*.

Truth, the daughter of Time, obtains every thing of her father.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES IN USE IN THE COMPANY OF JESUS.

THE book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is a manual of retreat, a method of meditation, and at the same time a collection of thoughts and precepts, adapted to direct the soul in the work of inward sanctification and the choice of a state of life. This book was not composed in order to be read, but in order to be put in practice; and, hence, one cannot really appreciate it with any justice, until one has passed through the school of experience.

These religious *Exercises* have been of late strangely disfigured: persons have been strangely mistaken as to the sense, the aim, and the economy of the instructions they contain: I will restore to all this its true character.

The book of the *Spiritual Exercises* is the work of a soldier, not less a stranger to human sciences than to the sacred studies when he composed it.

Ignatius of Loyola was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna in 1521. In the state of forced inaction into which his wound had reduced him, he asked of those about him romances, in order to entertain himself. There were doubtless few books in the castle of his fathers; they brought him the lives of Jesus Christ and of the Saints; he read them. His soul is touched with them; a bright light shines before him; he quits his paternal mansion. A pilgrim and a voluntary mendicant, the converted warrior desires a solitude where he may be able freely, at a distance from the commerce of men, to study and sound his soul in converse with God. The cave of Manreza serves him as an asylum. There among the rigours of penitence, arming himself with the persevering courage of prayer, he struggles and seeks. He undergoes severe experiences, which overturn his whole nature. Pale, emaciated, by macerations, prostrated in hair-cloth and ashes, he seems annihilated. A mighty hand raises him and conducts him to the great light of the divine illuminations, even to the most exalted regions of apostolic charity.

Then, going back, so to say, and counting all his steps, Ignatius measured the course he had passed over; he ascertained an admirable concatenation of truths and inward struggles which purify the soul, which place it in the presence of the Divine will, too often disowned, and restore it to God generous and devoted.

Ignatius at Manreza, after having experienced their virtue for himself, thought it would be useful to retrace for others the succession of these truths and the economy of these ways: it was thus that the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* was composed.

These *Exercises* are not our Institute; they do not even, to speak properly, make part of our rules; but, I grant, they are their soul, and, as it were, their source. Yes, the *Exercises* have created the Society; they maintain it, preserve it, and give it life: they are designed to form the generous Christian and even the apostle; the Constitutions make him a Jesuit; the missions put him to the work; the doctrines guide and inspire him.

I feel that I shall of necessity speak a strange language to a great many. I have to set forth the inward labour of the true regeneration; I have to recount the transformation undergone by a soul which passes from the world to God, and which clothes itself with a supernatural life in spite of the attraction of the inclinations of nature.

I have not merely read, but have practised, this book of *Exercises*. For the last twenty-one years it has been under my

eyes; it has been and still is the treasure of my life; I study it, I meditate upon it unceasingly, with happiness, with love; I have performed with this book in my hand the exercises it points out.

I cannot express the light, the liberty, the inward peace, they brought me. Yet I do not flatter myself that I possess the knowledge concealed in this little book: I have still need, in order to acquire it, of prolonged and recollected meditations; and assuredly I am not surprised that it has been for many the unknown and sealed book.

It was these exercises, followed and meditated upon with constancy, that gave to the Church, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis de Borgia, and a multitude of others. St. Francis de Sales, whose piety must not make us forget his genius, said of this book, that it had saved as many souls as it contained letters.—*From the "Life and Institute of the Jesuits," by De Ravignan, a work just published by C. Dolman, 61, New Bond Street, at a low price, and well worth perusal.*

CONSERVATIVE CHARACTER OF BOGS.

SOME of my readers are aware of the black skeleton at Scarborough. He was found in a tumulus there, entombed in the trunk of a huge oak tree, with implements and arms, proving that he was one of the ancient Britons, and consequently had lain in his sarcophagus for two thousand years at least. He measured upwards of six feet—may have been about 50 years of age—and with a complete set of teeth in his mouth. His coffin having been an oak tree, and the ground of the tumulus being impregnated with iron, a kind of ink was formed which left the bones as black as ebony, when the skin and flesh had dissolved and disappeared. Here, then, iron and oak could not have preserved the flesh of the ancient Briton; but had he been buried in an Irish bog, the anti-putrescent properties of the grave would probably have preserved both his skin and clothes (if he wore any) from corruption. Some years ago, an old Milesian was found in a bog, so well preserved that his vestments, and even the seams in his coat, were distinct. It was found that these were sewed, not with thread, but with a kind of cat-gut, composed of the entrails, perhaps the nerves of animals. The antiquarians have determined, that the Milesian must have lain in the bog at least five hundred years, since the kind of dress which he wore was prohibited by royal proclamation in the 13th century! Here, then, we see a first-rate specimen of the conservative character of the Irish bog. The remains of the Milesian may be seen in one of the museums (I have forgotten which) of Dublin, and part of the clothes is still in a state of comparative preservation. The antiseptic qualities of the Irish bogs have long been known. The hugh trees found in these places, from twelve to twenty feet beneath the surface, and well preserved, are unquestionable proofs; but many others are corroborative. A woman was missed many years ago, and no tidings were heard of her for 30 years, when her body was found in a bog, with her features so little altered, that she was recognised by her friends, without any difficulty! It is remarkable that fevers are hardly ever observed among those who reside in the very midst of the bogs of Ireland.—*Dr. James Johnson's Tour in Ireland.*

Speedy Way of Raising a Blister.—Take a watch-glass of the size of the proposed blister; drop into it from eight to ten drops of the liquor ammoniac. Have ready a piece of fine linen rather smaller than the watch-glass; lay it neatly in the hollow of the glass, and immediately apply this to the skin free from hair. In a very short time, sometimes in from 30 to 40 seconds, a red circle appears round the glass, and the blister is formed.

THE WAKENING.

"While day arises, that sweet hour of prime."

How many thousands are wakening now,
Some to the songs from the forest bough,
To the rustling of leaves at the lattice-pane,
To the chiming fall of the early rain.

And some, far out on the deep mid sea,
To the dash of the waves in their foaming glee,
As they break into spray on the ship's tall side,
That holds through the tumult her path of pride.

And some, oh! well may their hearts rejoice,
To the gentle sound of a mother's voice;
Long shall they yearn for that kindly tone,
When from the board and the hearth 'tis gone.

And some in the camp to the bugle's breath,
And the tramp of the steed on the echoing heath,
And the sudden roar of the hostile gun,
Which tells that a field must ere night be won.
And some in the gloomy convict cell,
To the dull deep note of the warning bell,
As it heavily calls them forth to die,
While the bright sun mounts in the laughing sky.

And some to the peal of the hunter's horn,
And some to sounds from the city borne;
And some to the rolling of torrent floods,
Far midst old mountains, and solemn woods.
So are we roused on this chequer'd earth,
Each unto light hath a daily birth,
Though fearful or joyous, though sad or sweet,
Be the voices which first our uprising meet.
But one must the sound be, and on the call,
Which from the dust shall awake us all!
One—though to sever'd and distant dooms—
How shall the sleepers arise from their tombs!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE BIRD MARKET OF ROME.

The bird market of Rome is held in the environs of the rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent, on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year, and at the close of summer, cart loads of ring doves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda. At first the venders were shy with me; but, as we got better acquainted, nothing could surpass their civility, and their wishes to impart every information to me; and when they had procured a fine and rare specimen, they always put it in a drawer apart for me. These birdmen outwardly had the appearance of Italian banditti, but it was all outside and nothing more; they were good men notwithstanding their uncouth looks, and good Christians too, for I could see them waiting at the door of the church of the Jesuits, by half-past four o'clock on a winter's morning, to

be ready for the first mass. I myself in the course of the season, have seen and examined the following list of good things on the stalls, to regale natives and foreigners in Rome:—Wild boars, roebucks, red-deer, hares, rabbits, pheasants, frogs, common partridges, and two other species, quails, water rails, godwits, snipes, woodcocks, dabbicks, coots, wild ducks, wild geese, golden plovers, green plovers, sand pipers, wigeons, teal, gargany, brown-headed ducks, sheldrakes, tufted Grecian ducks, green linnets, goldfinches, brown linnets, grosbeaks, land tortoises, ring-doves, rock pigeons, fancy pigeons, wagtails, robin red-breasts, common buntings, grey buntings, ciril buntings, bluecap titmouse, ox-eye titmouse, long-tailed titmouse, black-cap titmouse, cole titmouse, black-cap sylvia, song thrush, blackbird, blue thrush, jays, magpies, rooks, hooded crows, hedge sparrows, hawks, skinks, common larks, black-throated larks, titlarks, smaller larks, juncos, landrails, combs from the heads of cocks, fowl and turkey legs and feet, buzzards, curleys, small stints, redwings, pochards, falcons, civetta owls, windchairs, windhover hawks, kites, stone curlews, jackdaws, shoveler, ducks, gobbo ducks, hedgehogs, water hens, spotted water hens, bitterns, mergansers, stormcocks, porcupines, foxes, goats, kids, yellow wagtails, fieldfares, hooping owls, horned owls, barn owls, wheatears, redstarts, three species of night-gales, yellow-breasted chats, stone chats, brown-headed shrikes, common shrikes, little terns, gulls, guinea fowls, goatsuckers, eggs from the ovary of all sizes, wind eggs, larger white egret, common heron, turkeys, guis of turkeys, and common fowls, swifts, swallows, starlings, little bitterns, white-winged bitterns, large bitterns, bullfinches, chaffinches, water tortoises, turtle doves, water rails, shass, red-throated mergansers, badgers, lesser spotted woodpeckers, smallest woodpeckers, green woodpeckers, small white-throated mergansers, common wrens, common gold-crested wrens, splendid golden crested wrens, house sparrows, mountain sparrows, with yellow speck on the throat, olive-throated bunting, crested grebes, canary birds, hoopoes, rollers, bee-eaters, golden oivoles. Add to this list butcher's meat of all descriptions, and the finest fruits and vegetables and flowers.—N.B. If a man cannot get fat in this city, at a very moderate expense, it must be his own fault.—*Waterton's Autobiography and Essays.*

THE MONASTERIES OF SCOTLAND.

The monasteries of Scotland, are believed to have equalled, if not surpassed, in wealth and splendour, most establishments of the same kind in the other countries of Europe. Their lands and domains equalled in extent the possessions of the most powerful barons, and were the richest and best cultivated in the kingdom. The members of their communities were, for a long period, revered as the learned instructors and spiritual guides of the people, the indulgent masters of numerous vassals and retainers, and the kind benefactors of the poor. Their churches and conventual buildings, raised with consummate art and skill, and profusely adorned with carving and painting, were the chief architectural ornaments of the country. Their halls were the seats of splendid hospitality, where princes and distinguished persons were entertained, and where minstrels and professors of the liberal arts, were welcome guests. The example of the order and economy of their establishments must have had a beneficial influence on the habits of domestic life, and the deference and respect they were bound to observe towards each other could not but contribute greatly to soften the harsh manners of a rude age, and to introduce elegance, and disseminate urbanity and politeness, throughout the intercourse of society.—*Morton's Monastic Annals of Teviotdale.*

THE SANTA TRINIDAD:

OR, THE

CONSEQUENCES OF DISCONTENTMENT & AVARICE.

From the "Forget me not," for 1842, published by Ackermann and Co., London.

About a hundred years ago, in the savage and nearly desolate island of Benbecula, one of the most rugged of the Hebridean cluster, there dwelt two brothers, called Malcolm and Donald Maclean. They were fishermen, and earned only a scanty subsistence by their trade, for at that time few vessels were engaged in the Scottish fisheries, and such as did frequent the coasts were supplied from other stations. They had, however, a little patch of cultivated ground attached to their hut, from which, in a favourable season, they reaped a tolerable crop of barley, and they also were allowed by the laird the privilege of pasturage, rent-free, over the hill-side, and so contrived to keep a cow and a few sheep, which constituted the whole of their stock. In short, their situation was neither better nor worse than that of the majority of their neighbours, who knew nothing of the world beyond the bounds of the wild Benbecula, and who lived and died in the same state of rude ignorance in which they were born.

But Malcolm Maclean, the elder of the brothers, was in some respects superior to his neighbours. He had nothing of that laziness and passive indolence, too often the characteristic and bane of the Highland peasantry; on the contrary, he was bold, impetuous, and enterprising, and secretly repined at the destiny which had fettered him down to so narrow a sphere of exertion, from which he saw no possible means of escape. This ambition, which under other circumstances might have been turned to material advantage, degenerated at last with him into a sort of morbid craving; and the absence of any fixed aim or definite object served only to make him discontented with his humble station. Little as he knew of the world beyond the limits of his native island, he had learned that gold was the great talisman by which honours were achieved, reputation purchased, and pleasure secured. He was told, and not untruly, that on the mainland the possessor of that precious metal was as a prince, who could command all others to do his bidding, and rely on their obedience; and thenceforth he determined that all his powers should be bent to the acquisition of that one object, of whose real value he knew so little, and less of its proper use.

In Benbecula money was little used in those days as current coin. The refinements of civilization had not gone so far as to supersede the simple method of barter common to all isolated communities. From the ships, which occasionally touched at the coasts, the islanders received brandy, tobacco, and foreign manufactures, in exchange for their dried fish, wool, and other native produce. Among themselves the same system prevailed, so that money, as we use it now, was hardly known among them, and if offered, was almost received with hesitation. Happy, perhaps, for them had they never known its use.

In vain, then, did Malcolm Maclean rise early and toil late; in vain was his boat, in all practicable weather, launched into the sea. After the struggle of years, he stood precisely in the same position as before. He knew not happiness, because he had placed it only in money. He had, indeed, secured some comforts for his cottage, which other neighbours did not possess, but from his great object and aim he was as far distant as ever. There was no content in his soul. Very different was

his brother Donald. A simple, kind-hearted, affectionate being; he never for a moment considered his own interest or wishes, if they interfered in the slightest degree with those of any one else. Over him Malcolm possessed the most entire ascendancy. The younger Maclean, accustomed from his infancy to rely solely upon the judgment of the elder, clung to him with the most implicit faith; Malcolm's desire to him was law—Malcolm's opinion more decisive than the fiat of the gravest oracle.

The cottage of the Macleans was situated upon a high land, overlooking the western ocean. The scenery around was of that wild and savage nature peculiar to the coast of Scotland, stern even when the skies were fair, but indescribably grand when seen amid the war of the elements. The smooth green turf gradually sloped down to the summit of a wall of rocks, which, with perpendicular steepness, rose out of the deep green sea. No masses of shingle, or shelves of sand, lay beneath; nothing but dark, unfathomable water, lashing against the solid basalt. Some hundred yards farther out, there lay a lesser ridge, conspicuous even at the highest tide, which somewhat broke the flow of the great Atlantic wave. Most magnificent it was in winter, when the storm came sweeping from the west to stand upon the brink of the precipice, and watch the tumult of the ocean as it rolled the stupendous billows towards the land. Mountain-like and unbroken, each in succession approached the outer reef, over which it sprang with a roar that would have stifled thunder, and then, collecting, as it were, its scattered force, dashed itself madly against the stubborn rock, spouting up columns of spray, which the wind caught and whirled far into the interior of the island.

In some places, the action of the waters had hollowed out immense caverns in the cliffs—dark subterraneous passages, along which the tide rolled with prodigious force. One of these with an entrance as high as a cathedral dome, extended a great way inland, and terminated at a deep pit, open to the day, close by the cottage of the brothers. Down this a sort of natural staircase, yet practicable for none but an experienced cragsman, led to the water's edge, and by a narrow and slippery path, formed of columnar fragments, it was possible in calm weather to creep half way along the cavern. Deep, and black as ink, lay the water weltering beneath, stirring with its rise and fall huge masses of tangle and seaweed, which grew there with unusual luxuriance. Few birds frequented that dark, dismal place. Only the swart cormorant was seen swimming sullenly near the entrance, and seeking a hiding-place within, at the approach of the fisher's boat.

The islanders told strange tales of the "Gloomy Cave," which they held to be the resort of supernatural beings, the mermaid of the waters, and the mischievous kelpie, who lures men to their ruin. Many marvelled that the Macleans had chosen so suspicious a place for their dwelling, and foreboded coming disaster; but Malcolm, though a Highlander, thought little of spiritual terrors, and Donald would have been content to dwell any where if his brother was with him.

One summer evening, Malcolm left the cottage, and descending into the cavern by the narrow staircase we have mentioned, made his way along the subterranean passage, and seated himself upon a broken fragment of rock. For the last few days, he had felt more than usually discontented; in fact, the seeds of envy had taken deep root in his mind. The son of an old neighbour, who had left Benbecula for some years, and settled on the mainland, had lately returned on a visit, and his description (for he had been prosperous) of the stirring life in the town where he resided, and the wealth and comparative luxury of the inhabitants, had worked up the ambitious Malcolm to a state of the most unenviable repining.

"What do I want," said he, "save gold, to remove me from this wretched place; to make me free, and happy, and contented, like this Duncan, who seven years ago was no better than I? The priest tells us that industry is its own reward, and here am I toiling from morning to night harder than the black Indian slaves, of whom I have heard, and yet as poor! I want no gifts for which I have not wrought; but when I have done so, and tasked my energies to the utmost, am I not entitled to the reward? Oh! if there were, as some men say, other powers, who will listen to our prayers when Heaven will not, I would call on them to help me; but these are idle dreams."

So communed with himself the luckless Malcolm, impatiently stirring, at the same time, with his foot the drifted seaweed that lay piled upon a crevice. All at once he perceived, beneath the porous mass, something glitter with metallic lustre, and, stooping down, to his infinite astonishment he found a small yellow wedge, which, from its weight, he perceived to be gold. The brain of the young Highlander swam round as he clutched this unexpected treasure. Here then, at last, was the earnest of his fortune, the first step gained of the ladder by which he was hereafter to rise! It was gold—pure, palpable, lustrous gold! His day-dream—his night-thought—at last he held it in his grasp! But how came it there? The water below was black and deep; no vessel sought shelter in the Gloomy Cave; no foot, save his own, ever trod so far into its dark recess.

"Has it been cast here from shipwreck?" cried Maclean aloud, "or"—and here an involuntary thrill shot through him—"has some spirit, indeed, heard my wish, and thrown this treasure in my way? How came it here?"

His imagination now became heated, he thought he heard voices of spirits, and that beings of another world were going to free him from poverty. He had heard that the Providence of God sometimes kept men poor, lest if they had wealth they should become arrogant and sensual, and so lose their souls; but in his mind he set all this down as the dreaming of priests.

Therewith a sound arose within the cavern, not of the waves, but as if human voices were speaking down the depths of the black, still water, and, in strange accents, these words smote upon his ear: "Santa Trinidad! Santa Trinidad!"

"Mother of mercy!" cried the Highlander, as the echo died away along the vault, "what was that?"

And again, as though a chorus of voices had taken up the reply, there arose from the gulf beneath the same mysterious call, "Santa Trinidad! Santa Trinidad!"

Fairly overcome by terror, Maclean bounded along the dangerous path, heedless of all risk or obstacle. He clambered up the sides of the pit with the agility of a chamois, nor paused to draw breath until he felt his foot firmly planted on the green-sward, and the fresh breeze blowing on his face. He then knelt down and listened, but the voices were heard no more; nothing, save the dull plashing of the torpid wave against the solid stone. His first thought was, that his fancy had deceived him, that what he had seen and heard was a vision, a dream; but then the wedge weighed heavily in his hand; he gazed upon it, and knew that vision or dream it was none.

From that day forward, Malcolm abandoned his old pursuits, for how was it possible that the owner of real wealth should continue toiling like a slave at the oar for the common necessities of life? True, the treasure thus mysteriously thrown in his way was small; and even had it been infinitely larger, he never could have realised its value in Benbecula, where an ingot of gold was not more valuable than one of baser metal. But a kind of glamour or deception, seemed to have been thrown over the eyes of the Highlander. Treasure-finding

reduces those who are unfortunate enough to stumble upon it to the state of the eaters of the lotus, who, having once tasted that delicious repast, turn with loathing from all coarser and common food. Malcolm spent his whole time in wandering along the sea-shore, prying under every stone and heap of shingle, in the hopes of making another rich discovery. At first he avoided the cavern, but the desire of gain soon proved stronger than his prudence, and again he descended the pit, groped his way along the slippery path, and explored each crevice with the minutest and most eager scrutiny. But nothing more could he find. The mysterious voices seemed to be silenced, and the quest of the treasure-hunter was in vain.

Of course, while his time was thus fruitlessly occupied, things went ill at home. The little stock which the brothers had accumulated was gradually exhausted without being replaced. Some of their sheep were exchanged for absolute necessities, others perished from want during the unusually severe winter that followed. At last they were reduced almost to a state of destitution. Throughout this whole period, Donald Maclean had never uttered a murmur, nor attempted to expostulate with his brother. If Malcolm chose to work, good and well; if not he had no reason to complain. In all things he was subservient to the elder, and so the kind, faithful creature put forth all his energies, and taxed his powers to the utmost, that Malcolm might not want. But ill-luck attended him also in every thing he attempted. The fishery failed, so did the crop; the sheep were buried in the snow, and Donald himself was nearly lost in a vain attempt to recover them. When the spring came, starvation stared the brothers in the face!

The piteous looks of Donald, now fast settling into a state of despondency, first awoke compunction in the stubborn mind of the elder Maclean.

"No!" said he one night, as he lay tossing on his bed, "I must not suffer him to fall a victim to my own folly and weakness. He has toiled for me without murmur or complaint: it is my duty now to resume a portion of the labour without which we cannot live. Would that I had never seen that cursed gold!"

With the first grey dawn of the morning he arose softly, and left the hut without awakening his brother. The mist lay low and heavy, both upon mountain and sea, and the air was damp and chill. Malcolm walked straight to the creek where his boat lay, and pushed her off with the intention of proceeding to a bank at some distance, accounted one of the best fishing stations on the coast.

He rowed away until the land nearly disappeared behind the screen of thick vapour, and was lost in his own gloomy meditations, when a voice near him exclaimed, "What, messmate ahoy! Do you mean to run me down this drizzling morning?"

Malcolm turned quickly round, and saw that he was indeed on the point of running foul of a boat, in which sat a single occupant. He was an elderly, weather-beaten man, with grizzly hair, beetling eyebrows, and a disagreeable, sarcastic, sort of expression about the mouth, which rendered doubly repulsive a countenance that never could have been prepossessing. He wore a pilot-coat, such as is used by the Dutch fishermen, long water-proof boots, and a red cap. The boat seemed of Norwegian build, but was old and crazy, as if it had lain for many years disused, and the sailor sat in the stern smoking a short pipe, without either oar or sail, both of which seemed to be wanting.

"Where do you come from?" said Malcolm, astonished at this singular apparition.

"Far enough from here, anyhow," replied the other gruffly;

"but that is no business of your's. Can you tell me what land that is to the right?"

"Benbecula."

"Ay?" said the sailor; "then I have made the place at last. Do you know the soundings here, brother?"

"Every one of them, for miles along the coast," answered Malcolm, readily.

"So, you are a fisherman, I see. Do those of your trade ever catch gold fish along the rocks?"

"Gold fish!" replied Malcolm, with a start, "what mean you?"

"Why fish like these—fellows that rise from the bottom without fin or tail, to leap into the hands of lubbers who do not know their value," answered the sailor; and pulling a wedge from his pocket, exactly the counterpart of that which Malcolm had previously found, he held it out to the confounded fisherman.

"In the name of Heaven, how came you by that?" cried Maclean.

"Ho! ho! you know it, do you?" replied Redcap, looking keenly at Malcolm. "You have smelt the sweet sniff of the golden treasure before now. What would you say, brother, if I were to put you in the way of finding hundreds, ay, thousands, of metal lumps like that, and all without fee or reward?"

"But where—where are these to be found?"

"Why, hereabouts—somewhere off your rocky coast, where the best ship that ever came out of the dockyard goes to pieces like an empty nutshell on a hearthstone. But come—you seem a lad of spirit, and I care not if I tell you somewhat, for I need a helping hand. Did you ever hear of the Santa Trinidad?"

"Santa Trinidad!" cried Maclean, shrinking back in terror, for the name recalled instantly to his recollection the sounds he had heard in the Gloomy Cave, and the stranger's voice seemed to him now like the actual echo of the same; "what is that! what is the meaning of the words?"

"Oho! you have heard the name too, I see. Strange things will happen, they say, at the full of the moon, and even the dead cannot keep their secrets without blabbing. All the better, however, for my purpose: I want a man whose ears are opened to the whispers below the sea. Mark me, then, and listen. It may be about a hundred and fifty years since one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, which carried most of their treasure, was driven northward by stress of weather, and wrecked off this very island. The name of that ship was the Santa Trinidad. No one knows to this day the exact spot where she settled down, but the man who can discern it will become the owner of riches which a prince might covet. Now, messmate, if you will give me a helping hand in this business, we shall share equally like brothers. There is enough treasure lying beneath that black still water to make both our fortunes, and to purchase over-head a hundred such barren islands as this. What say you; will you join?"

"With all my heart!" cried Malcolm, flushed with hope and eagerness. "But how are we to find the spot?"

"I see you are of the right stuff, brother," said the sailor with a grim laugh. "Your heart is among the dubloons already. It is easy enough to find the place if you have only nerve and courage, and will do as I direct you. Is there not, somewhere hereabouts, a glen with a broad flat stone in the middle, marked with old characters?"

"There is," said Malcolm, with a shudder; "I know what you mean. They call it here the Goblins' Den; folks say the place is haunted."

"Nonsense!" replied the sailor, "an old woman's tale. If it be haunted, 'tis by good spirits who give us gold for the asking, and such are not to be feared."

"But the priest says—"

"What all of his tribe do—terrifies you with legends, as if he had nothing else to do but sit behind stones, and frighten children out of their wits. Listen to me; do as I bid you, and you are a made man."

"What is to be done, then?" asked Malcolm.

"First you must procure a bullock or a cow, and lead it, an hour before midnight, to that stone in the solitary glen. I will be there. Then we must slaughter and skin the beast, and you shall pass the night alone wrapped up in the reeking hide. Before morning you will know the exact spot where the Santa Trinidad went down. But what's the matter now?"

"Mother of God!" cried the Highlander, whose horror at this suggestion was unbounded, "'tis the Taghairm! the worst rite of hell, whereby the unhappy wretch who practises it gives himself over soul and body to the tempter! Now I know with whom I have to do! Avaunt! get thee hence, Satan! thou hast as yet no power over me."

As he said these words he seized the oars, and pulled away with the whole of his gigantic force from the skiff of the sailor.

"Fool!" said the latter. "Were I he thou hast named, dost think thou couldst have escaped me so? but go thy ways, Malcolm Maclean, treasure-seeker, treasure-finder, treasure-loser! We meet again, and that right soon—by the stone in the Goblins' Den."

Maclean heard no more, but rowed rapidly towards the shore. As he shot past the huge gloomy mouth of the cavern, it seemed to him as if a voice called out from its inmost recesses, "Santa Trinidad!" and, nerved by the energy of terror, he sent the boat whirling through the water with the swiftness of a wild-duck, leaped upon the shore, and hurried precipitately to his cottage, without venturing to cast a look behind him.

For some days after this strange incident, he maintained his resolution of never visiting the dreaded cave again, or searching more for treasure. But the bird was in the net of the fowler—the doom was upon Maclean. The account given him by the sailor of the enormous riches contained in the sunken vessel was ever present in his thoughts. There was wealth sufficient almost to purchase a kingdom lying unappropriated at his door; nothing between him and its possession save a ceremony of which he knew nothing but by hearsay, dangerous indeed, but probably—O surely—exaggerated! Such thoughts tormented his soul.

Still he might have resisted the temptation, but the desperate state of his affairs pressed more upon him day by day. Of all the little comforts he had amassed not one now remained. He had not even sufficient seed wherewith to sow the patch of barley-land upon which their next year's subsistence depended; the sheep were dead or gone; nothing remained but their single cow. The gaunt apparition of poverty is the strongest of all incentives. Malcolm at last believed that it was his duty, even at the peril of his soul, to achieve the promised fortune, and announced to his brother his determination of undergoing the fatal ordeal. Donald was loud in his remonstrance. He would rather have lived and died the most wretched outcast upon the earth than have hazarded Malcolm's safety to secure the greatest aggrandizement to himself. He looked upon the heathen rite, commonly reported to have been handed down from times far antecedent to the Christian revelation in Scotland, as a sacrifice to the foul fiend, and a direct submission to his power; but all that he could say or do did not move the stern resolution of Malcolm, who swore that though heaven and hell interposed he still would have his way.

An hour before midnight, the two brothers issued from their

cottage. Malcolm silently and with trembling fingers tied a halter round the neck of the cow, placed the rope in Donald's hand, and motioning him to follow, strode forward, bearing a heavy hatchet on his shoulder. During their way to the glen, neither spoke a word, but the breath of the elder came thick and heavy, and the younger could not refrain at times from uttering a groan. At last they reached the stone. It was truly a dreary place, this wild Highland glen, and such as even at mid-day no one could pass without a thrill of solitary dread. On three sides it was surrounded by mountains not clothed with verdure, but bare, grey, and precipitous. On the fourth was a small tarn of deep black water, fringed with huge bulrushes, from which a broken morass extended almost to the margin of the sea. No tree grew there; only a few withered stumps, without leaves or life, stood out on the face of a shingly scarp, the relics, perhaps, of an ancient forest. On this particular night the sky was covered with clouds, through which neither moon nor stars appeared; a cold wind whistled mournfully above among the rocky hollows; distant thunder at times was heard to mutter, and ever and anon a flash of lightning threw a dismal glare over the haunted glen.

The brothers stood for a time beside the stone without speaking, and gazed wistfully on each other. Fear and doubt were written on the countenances of both, but Malcolm was by far the most haggard and excited of the two. At last he raised the hatchet.

"O brother, brother Malcolm!" cried Donald interposing, "have you the heart to kill the poor beast we have kept so long! Look how she stands, the dumb creature that has fed us many a year, when we had no friend to give us a handful of meal; and would you slay her now, to do the bidding of the Evil One?"

"Away, away!" said the other. "It is too late to think of that."

"Yet hear me, brother—hear me for a moment, if not for my sake, at least for your own. Do not attempt this terrible deed—do not tamper with the powers of darkness! I feel as if they were already hovering around us, eager to seize their prey. O Malcolm dear, let us go home and forget all that has passed. I will work till my hands drop from their joints, before I see you starve; only, brother Malcolm, do not peril your precious soul!"

The tears ran fast and warm down the cheeks of Donald as he uttered this affectionate appeal. Malcolm threw down the axe.

"Enough said," he muttered, "let us home. I will not tempt Providence farther in this matter. Lead back the beast, Donald; she may be of use to you hereafter. As for me, you will find me to-morrow below the waters of the Gloomy Cave."

These words were uttered in a tone of deep determination, which left no doubt of the unfortunate man's design. Donald stared at him for a moment aghast, and then, as actuated by a sudden impulse, caught up the hatchet, and with one fell blow laid the animal lifeless at their feet.

"There!" said he, "it is done, and God forgive the hand that did it—but better any thing than that."

There was no retreat now. Silently the brothers stooped down to their bloody task. They took the skin off the cow, the elder Maclean was wrapped in it, all reeking as it was, a strong cord was passed round the whole to prevent him from shifting his position, and Donald, taking him in his arms, laid him on the stone, and kissed him affectionately on the cheek.

"Is there any thing more I can do for you, brother Malcolm?"

"Nothing more. Leave me, and—bless you, brother!"

"And you too, Malcolm. With to-morrow's light I will be here again."

Donald strode away. The lightning and thunder were by this time much brighter and louder, and large drops of rain had fallen before the preparations were concluded. But no sooner was the expectant seer placed upon the stone than the storm broke forth with fearful and unnatural violence. The roar of the thunder above was almost incessant, a fresh peal clashing out before the echoes of the preceding had died away. Flash followed flash with scarcely a perceptible interval, and the rain descended literally in torrents upon the head of the shivering Maclean. The storm continued to rage for nearly an hour without intermission, but during all this while no unearthly spectacle appeared. At length it suddenly lulled. The wind and rain subsided; only the lightning continued to play as vividly as before. One flash of peculiar brilliancy, which seemed to pass so near as to scorch his face, caused Malcolm to close his eyes; when he opened them again it was upon a scene of sorcery and wonder. We have said that a small loch occupied one extremity of the glen. This had now disappeared, but instead of it was the apparition of a tempestuous sea, upon which a large foreign-built vessel, with a high poop, and tiers of formidable guns, was rolling dismasted and unmanageable. Her decks were crowded with people, some holding on by fragments of the rigging, others running to and fro. The howl of the tempest and the washing of the waves was distinctly heard, but above them Maclean could distinguish the piping of the boatswain's whistle. As the ship laboured and pitched, coming round with her broadside to the sea, he caught a glimpse of her stern, and there, painted in large letters, he saw the words SANTA TRINIDAD. Another tremendous rush of rain came down, and the vision disappeared.

Again the weather lulled, and again the lightning revealed to him the phantom sea and ship. But this time a rocky wall appeared to fill up the back ground, and disclosed the mouth of a tremendous cavern, into which the waves were boiling and pouring. The ship had lost her rudder, and was entirely without command. She rose and fell, as each alternate billow drifted her towards the rocks; at length, one of an unusual size caught her up, and, balancing her like a feather on the top of its huge snowy crest, swept her into the jaws of the cavern. A terrific shriek filled the air. Again the rain descended, and hid the vision from the watcher's eyes.

Malcolm had seen enough to assure him that the vessel had gone down in the Gloomy Cave; but his awe and terror were so great, that joy at the discovery was the farthest of all sensations from his mind. The strength which had nerved him to the task was now utterly exhausted; and he hoped, and had prayed, if he durst, that no more unearthly apparitions might be revealed to his sight. But the spell was not yet broken.

Near the stone on which he lay he heard voices that seemed to be human, and footsteps as of advancing men. Turning his head with difficulty, he saw a strange multitude gathered round him. They were sailors, but not of this country, swart olive-complexioned men, with long hair floating down their shoulders, short slashed hose, and belts in which large knives were stuck. These stood somewhat aloof; but close by him was a tall grave-looking personage, who kept his eyes bent upon him. His dress was different from that of his companions. Round his neck he wore a stiff, formal ruff; his black velvet doublet was crossed with a massive gold chain; wide russet boots came half-way up his leg, and his broad slouched hat was surmounted with three large feathers. He wore mus-

taches and a pointed beard, and stood leaning upon a long rapier with a hilt of polished steel. He did not speak, but continued gazing upon Maclean.

A cold sweat broke from the limbs of the Highlander; for he felt that the figure which stood before him was not of this world. Three times he strove to speak, but his tongue was paralysed with fear; at last he stammered out—"In the name of him whom ye know, what are ye?"

"I am Don Jose Ximenes de Benavente, captain of the Santa Trinidad, and these are my crew," replied the apparition.

"Where, then, is your ship?" said Malcolm, with an effort.

"Twenty fathom deep below the waters, in the middle of the Gloomy Cave of Benbecula."

"And the treasure?"

"Is with the ship. He that would find it must venture down. Hast thou more to ask?"

"Nothing!"

The Spaird waved his hand, and the whole group disappeared.

"Here, then," thought Malcolm, "is the end at last."

"Not yet, messmate!" said another voice close beside him, and a flash of lightning disclosed to Maclean the figure of the red-capped sailor, sitting on the stone beside him, just as he had appeared in the boat, the short pipe in his mouth, and the malignant features tortured into a sarcastic grin. "Not yet, messmate! and, let me tell you, you owe a debt of gratitude to your MASTER for having let you off so easily."

"My master?" faltered Maclean.

"Of course, your master. Who but his worship has come here, at dead of night, to watch by a stone which, in old times, has borne the sacrifice of Odin! But that's neither here nor there. I told you when we parted, that we should meet again in this very spot, and here I find you true to your word. What say you to the Santa Trinidad now?"

"Do you come here to mock me?" cried Maclean. "Man or devil, whichever you are, were my hands free, you should feel the weight of my arm."

"You want to be unbound, I suppose?" said Redcap, with a sardonic sneer. "No, no, my friend, wait till your brother comes in the morning to take you from your cowskin blanket. I merely wish to thank you for having saved me the trouble of tying you up, and, having done so, I shall go and have a chat with Don Jose Ximenes. Farewell, then, good Malcolm Maclean. We shall meet again, though it may not be precisely here."

So saying, the sailor rose, nodded his head, and vanished amidst the darkness.

When Donald, early next morning, reached the stone, he found his brother calm and collected, though his face was as pale as death. He asked no questions, but unbound him, and neither of them spoke until they reached the cottage, when Malcolm threw himself on his brother's neck, and burst into a flood of tears. He then told him all that he had seen, and his determination immediately to secure some part of the treasures of the wreck, or to perish in the attempt. Donald strove to dissuade him, but Malcolm was inflexible.

"Look round," said he, "upon these bare walls, this dismantled hut. There is not a sheep of our's on the hill, nor a green blade of corn in the field. Last night I forced you to destroy the only living thing that stood between us and starvation. My folly has done it all, and I will either retrieve our fortunes or die."

So saying, he strode towards the pit, and descended. Donald followed him with a heavy heart. After they had reached the

middle of the slippery passage which led along the cave, Malcolm stripped, and, having once more embraced his brother, dived fearlessly into the gulf. A long pause ensued, during which the heart of the younger Maclean beat like a hammer on an anvil. At last, a shout of joy broke from his lips. Malcolm rose again, bearing a small casket, which with difficulty he lifted on the rock. This was speedily broken open, and was found to contain silver dollars.

"Thank God!" said Donald, "the worst is over now. Here is money enough—white money, not like that useless wedge—to buy all our plenishing back, and more sheep than we ever had before, and another cow, ay, two of them, if we please. Come, brother Malcolm, let us go home and thank the Lord for his mercies."

But the sight of the silver had again fanned the flame of avarice in the breast of Malcolm. He looked at the glistening heap; it was enough, indeed, for their wants, but he thought how much more and richer treasure lay masterless beneath the water, and he resolved to dive again. All the arguments, entreaties, even prayers of Donald were in vain.

"But once more, Donald!" he said, "only once more. It would be folly, having gone so far, to rest satisfied with so little. One other plunge will secure us fortune and happiness for the rest of our days, and after that I will venture no more."

"Not now, at least, brother! If you will do it, wait until to-morrow. See, the tide is flowing like a mill-stream, and a heavy wind rolls in the waves from the ocean breast-high."

Donald spoke the truth. A sudden storm seemed brewing without, for the cavern, silent when they descended, now rung with the hollow roar of the waters, and sheets of glittering spray broke violently against its sides.

"The more need, then, for haste," cried Malcolm, and once more he disappeared in the gulf.

Donald stood watching in breathless and agonised suspense. A minute elapsed—another—yet nothing rose from the boiling cauldron that now lay seething at his feet. An enormous wave, with a curling crest of foam, came rolling up the cavern, almost sweeping the Highlander from his stand as it passed, and dashed with a hungry roar against the sides of the hollow pit. The jarring echo resounded deafeningly along the vault, but it seemed as if other sounds were mingled with the elemental noise—as if a piercing cry, followed by a peal of hollow laughter, rose from the bottom of the abyss.

Nothing can satisfy avarice, it seeks for ever, until ruined by the indulgence of its desires.

MORNING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

THE watchful Cock, rathe herald of the morn;
With lively din doth sound his clarion shrill,
The soft and stealthy light breaks o'er the lawn,
And, purple each dark peak of yonder hill.
Hail, Holy Virgin, kindest Mother still,
Fair star of Morning beaming o'er the main,
Again in votive strains soft numbers thrill,
Thy Palmer seeks thy fostering aid again.
Lily of Virgins, pure as Orient light,
Sweet as the drops from Cassia's fragrant bough,
When first Aurora fires the brow of Night,
And Zephyr fans the scented branch, art thou!
Bright Ray of Solace in Heaven's arduous way,
Grant me thy succour for another day.

ENGLISH STORIES.

No. 1.

I CANNOT tell whether or not I am speaking to people who know anything of English History, but I am sure of one thing, if you do not know anything about it, you will be glad to learn something of the Saints, and Kings, and great Men, who lived and governed England in olden times; if you have already learned their names, and know what they did, perhaps there may still be something about them which you have not yet found out; at all events, what is worth hearing once, is generally worth hearing a second time.

About a thousand years ago, England was not, by any means, so peaceful and undisturbed as it is now. In the ninth century, that is, 800 years after Christ, a great company of fierce, cruel pirates, landed in Northumberland, where they committed great ravages, burning houses, killing cattle, and carrying off men and women prisoners. These pirates, or sea-robbers, were called Northmen, or sea-kings. In this country we commonly call them Danes; but they did not come first from Denmark, but were scattered round the Baltic Sea, which you can find in the map of Europe, between Russia and Sweden. They were cousins to the Saxons who had taken possession of England, and treated them just as the Saxons had already treated the Britons, who were the first known inhabitants of our island.

The wealth of the Northmen chiefs always went to their eldest sons, so that the younger ones, had little, which made them fit out ships, and take to piracy, or robbing on the sea. This they thought a very honourable calling. They landed wherever they could, and made it a rule to murder Priests, and to burn churches, monasteries, and convents, wherever they found them. They had a god named Woden, to whom they sacrificed their enemies alive. They thought that the perfection and sum-total of human duties was to drink themselves drunk with mead in honour of Woden; to kill every one who did not worship him; and to give food to every one who wanted it. They fought with double-bladed axes, and bows and arrows, and sung rude, warlike songs, and danced wild, stamping dances, in honour of their idol.

When the sea-kings first landed in England, the chief part of the Island was ruled by a king named Ethelwulf, who has been laughed at for being gentle and "monkish," but who was a very wise and brave man. Ethelwulf fought a great many long and bloody battles with the Danes, as we must call them, during which London and Canterbury were both taken and plundered, and all the inhabitants who did not fly were killed; but after ten years' struggle, he beat them in a great battle at Okeley, in Surrey, when his soldiers killed so many of their men, that they sailed away, and left England in peace for a while. When the Danes were gone, Ethelwulf had time to settle the affairs of his kingdom, which he was anxious about, and to make some laws, which were much wanted. These laws related to the church, and the payment of the clergy. In those times it was thought of the greatest importance to strengthen the power of the church, and to increase her possessions, that she might be able to do more for her children. The men of that day were not jealous of her, nor always on the watch, to hinder her from taking what the

piety of her sons gave her, or telling them when she wanted help; on the contrary, they knew that as all power, both spiritual and temporal, comes equally from God, and is only to be used for His glory, and in His service, they thought that the church was the most lawful, and the fittest deposit of wealth, and felt sure that she would both husband and spend what was committed to her care in the best manner possible.

So thought King Ethelwulf. And he called together his *thanes*, or lords, and with them settled the tenth of all the manors on the church, confirming the grant by a charter. I have no doubt he thought himself well repaid, when the Bishops, in return for his generous gift, ordered a general supplication to be offered in all the churches every Wednesday, that England might be delivered from the Danes. Englishmen had more faith in the church's prayers then than they have now.

The Bishop of Winchester was one of the king's chief counsellors and friends, and as the country was now at peace, the king allowed him to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, which was then the thing most desired by pious Catholics. They panted to see the holy city where Saint Peter and Saint Paul had shed their blood. The Bishop took with him the king's youngest and darling son, named Alfred, then about five years old. They were received with great kindness by the Pope, Leo IV., and he anointed the little Alfred with royal chrism, and gave him the Sacrament of Confirmation, by his father's desire. It is doubtful whether Ethelwulf made this request from motives of policy, or whether an internal voice had already declared to the pious king the great designs of Providence in regard to his son.

England remained in unusual peace and prosperity, which did not produce then exactly the same effect these blessings might do in our own day. There is no record of the king's speech, nor do we hear of great dinners at the palace. Ethelwulf rejoiced greatly at the mercies of God towards his kingdom, and because he rejoiced, he resolved to set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. So making ready a great train of followers, noblemen and friends, and taking his darling Alfred, he crossed over to France; and having visited the most beautiful and famous churches of that country, he went on to the court of the French king, Charles the Bald, who received him with royal feasting and kindness. I am glad the good old king could not look forward to a day, when his successors might travel in foreign lands, and be aliens and strangers to their faith and practice. I am glad he never thought when he was kneeling at the lighted altars with his little son, that the time would come when they would be visited by his countrymen with careless and scornful eyes, with knees refusing to kneel, with no right faith in the heart, and with reverence withered away.

Feasting and hospitality are good things in their place and way; but Ethelwulf had an object beyond them. He passed onward with a pilgrim's love, and arrived safely at the Holy City, after a troublesome journey. All we know of his story, makes it easy to guess with what feelings Ethelwulf beheld the remains of old Rome, and gazed with admiring eyes on its holy peace. He visited the shrines of the apostles Peter and Paul, he rebuilt the hospital of the Saxons, where the English College of St. Thomas the Martyr now stands, and where many of the English clergy are now educated; he made presents to

the Pope, the nobles, and the clergy, and he begged leave that the English penitents should undergo their severe penances only in their own country. For in those days of greater faith, and more intense hatred of sin, men who had committed great crimes, were accustomed, as a penance, to wear iron girdles, either for some years, or for their whole lives, according to the crime.

If you had ever had the happiness of seeing Rome, my dear friends, and of knowing its holy haunts, you would picture to yourself now the child Alfred, wandering up and down its seven hills, and lingering in the sunshiny nooks of its thousand ruins, whose red-brown fragments are garlanded with perpetual green. If you had been blessed with such sights and sounds of beauty, which once known, remain graven on the heart, and must accompany each one to the latest old age, you would now imagine the boy drinking into his young mind the magnificent churches, the solemn music, as ordered not a century since by St. Gregory, the rich marbles and precious stones, the holy processions, which call to mind the white-robed of heaven, the sweet incense floating in the air, the recurring Ave chime calling men to prayer, and reminding them of her whose pure consent to the angelic tidings opened heaven to us all. Such an one no doubt would trace in the after life of Alfred, the influence of the Jerusalem of the West, the Mother of churches; and will think that Ethelwulf judged wisely, even in the matter of worldly policy, as to the way of educating his boy.

The old king, on his return to England, felt that as he had finished his pilgrimage to Rome, so he had also well-nigh ended the longer one of his life. His eldest son, while he was gone, had seized on the crown for himself; and as he was weaned altogether from the love of earthly honours, he shared it with him peaceably, and spent the remaining two years of his life in acts of charity and devotion. He divided his lands between his children, ordering them to give the fruits of one hide in every ten to the poor, and to pay something yearly to the Pope for keeping up the churches of SS. Peter and Paul. Ethelwulf seemed to think that if charity begins at home, at least it ought not to end there; or most likely, being a simple man, he considered Rome to be more the home of every Catholic than any other place, and loved the Pope with the true love of a child, instead of watching suspiciously for usurpations, and invasion of his right as a king. His simple-hearted and clear-sighted belief that the church is the depository of power, will seem an out-of-the-way enthusiasm in our day; but possibly, if the matter were looked into a little deeper, a thoughtful man would find it disentangle some of the mazes of modern politics, and put an end to questions which threaten to overturn the structure of society. Having "set his house in order," the old king quietly departed, yielding up his soul into the hands of God, and was buried at Winchester, in the year of our Lord, 858.

We must pass over the stories of Ethelwulf's elder sons, Ethelbald and Ethelbert, in which there is nothing worth our notice; and in the reign of Ethelred, who succeeded them, we shall find our old friend Alfred very busy fighting the Danes, who had come again in such numbers, as to threaten to overrun England altogether, and take it for themselves.

After a great many battles, and losses, Alfred met the Danes at Eccesdune, (Ashenden or Aston,) in Berkshire, when both sides got ready for battle. Before it began, Ethelred went to mass; and while it was celebrating, Alfred, who was young and impatient, began the attack without him. He took the Danish camp, and by his astonishing bravery, routed and pursued their soldiers, killing an immense number. Ethelred died soon after the victory, and Alfred, the youngest of Ethelwulf's sons, became king of England.

We must look back a little on his history. His mother Osburga was a holy and christian queen; she could read perfectly well, which was a very rare thing in those times, and was anxious that her children should receive a good education. One day as she was reading in the midst of her sons a Saxon book, which was a roll of parchment, written and painted with gold and rich colours, she said she would give it to the boy who would first learn to read it; the others were discouraged by the time and trouble it would take, but Alfred running to seek a master, learned to read the manuscript, and it was given to him as his reward. He loved to listen to the tales of old deeds which were told by Saxon poets at his father's court; and eagerly learned them by heart. There came, too, many a minstrel and gleeman, to whose songs he would listen for hours; but the thing he chiefly loved, was when a singer, or a Palmer, would appear from beyond the seas, from holy Rome or Jerusalem. There would they sit round the blazing hearth, on the winter's night, telling of the young Child and his spotless Mother, who on such a time were found in the stable of Bethlehem, where they themselves had worshipped—or under the sturdy oak at sunny noon-tide; would speak of the house of Nazareth, where the angel came in silence, and where the child Jesus was subject to his parents. Then too would they speak of the brave deeds of generous souls, who had given up riches, and honours, and their crowns even, to become perpetual pilgrims for Christ's sake; so as literally to follow his footsteps on earth, who became a pilgrim for his rebellious children. Such were the tales in which young Alfred delighted.

But even these were not enough for him. There were very few English books, and all others now written in Latin, which he did not understand. He began by translating pieces of Latin into English, till he knew the language well enough to make out the sense of a book; and when he had got so far, he invited all the learned men he could think of to his court, to come and help him and his young nobles to learn to read. With their help Alfred translated some Latin books into English, for his subjects to read. Perhaps you would like to know what they were. They were the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede, a great saint, who lived at Wearmouth in Northumberland—An Ancient History—the Consolations of Philosophy—the Pastoral of St. Gregory—with the Lord's Prayer, and several other prayers. He sent a copy of the Pastoral to each of his Bishops, and asked them to keep it in some safe place, chained in the Cathedral, where all their Clergy might go and read it. You will think, perhaps, that I am making out a character which is more perfect than it could have been in reality. But notwithstanding his great labours for his people

ple, and the nobleness of his character, Alfred was still a man; and the pious men who wrote his history, tell us his faults bravely, without flattering him like courtiers. In his youth Alfred indulged his passions, and led a very bad life; and when he at length rightly resolved to change it, and was going to marry, God sent him the temporal punishment which sooner or later must necessarily follow upon sin. He chose for his bride, Alswitha, the daughter of a nobleman of another kingdom; and whilst all his people were feasting and rejoicing, thinking of nothing but merry-making, the king was seized with a sharp and mysterious pain, which no physician could cure, and which lasted, at times, all his life. Alfred is also accused, during the first part of his life, of pride and arrogance towards his nobles, and of harshness and injustice to the poor. For these sins of his youth, as his faithful chroniclers tell us, he was punished by the ravage of his kingdom, and many years of misfortune and hardship. In after years no doubt Alfred himself knew and blessed the hand of God's judgments, for as we find, the troubles sown in a noble heart, brought forth a goodly crop of better deeds.

Misfortunes indeed came thick upon him. The Danes, ruled by Halfdane and Gothrun, first over-ran a neighbouring kingdom, whose king in despair took up the pilgrim's staff, and died at Rome. Then the Danes went northwards, and burnt Tynemouth and Lindisfarne. The bishop and his monks fled from them, carrying with them the body of St. Cuthbert as their most precious treasure. The nuns at Coldingham perished in the flames of their own convent, rather than give themselves up to the barbarians. Gothrun then went down into Dorsetshire, where Alfred made a treaty with him. The Danes swore to keep it upon their golden bracelets, but Alfred made them swear on the relics of some saints. But suddenly the faithless Danes, according to their well-known name of "truce-breakers," sallied out in the night and took Exeter, where Alfred was not strong enough to attack them; so all England, from Northumberland to Cornwall, was full of Danes. In this difficulty Alfred thought of his ancestor's ships, and what a help they would be to storm Exeter; so he fitted out a little fleet, and blockaded the Ex. Those among us who are fond of boasting of the English navy, and its power over all the world, may look back, and see that it was begun by a Catholic king, who received his anointing from the hands of St. Peter's successor, and who would have been very much surprised if he had been told that it could come from any other quarter.

[To be continued.]

Factory Chimneys Superseded.—Dr. Arnott has recently invented an air-pump, with which it is proposed to supply a draught to furnaces that will supersede the necessity of funnels in steam-boats, and of the costly chimneys which now demand so great an outlay in the erection of engine-houses. This pump, when worked by a weight of one cwt. furnishes a draught equal to 100 cubic feet of air in a minute in an un-compressed state. A slight transfer of power from any engine would thus suffice to create a strong draught, which can be so directed as to cause the consumption of the smoke. As this simple and beautiful invention forms at the same time a powerful ventilator, we may expect from it a still greater reduction of the sufferings of sugar-boilers than the philanthropists ever contemplated.—*British and Foreign Quarterly Review.*

THE EARTHQUAKE OF LISBON

On the morning of All Saints' Day, the 1st of November, 1755, Lisbon was almost torn up from the foundations by the most terrible earthquake on European record. As it was a high Romish festival, the population were crowding to the churches, which were lighted up in honour of the day. About a quarter before ten, the first shock was felt, which lasted the extraordinary length of six or seven minutes; then followed an interval of about five minutes, after which the shock was renewed, lasting about three minutes. The concussions were so violent in both instances, that nearly all the solid buildings were dashed to the ground, and the principal part of the city almost wholly ruined. The terror of the population, rushing through the falling streets, gathered in the churches, or madly attempting to escape into the fields, may be imagined; but the whole scene of horror, death, and ruin, exceeds all description. The ground split into chasms, into which the people were plunged in their fright. Crowds fled to the water; but the Tagus, agitated like the land, suddenly rose to an extraordinary height, burst upon the land, and swept away all within its reach. It was said to have risen to the height of five-and-twenty or thirty feet above its usual level, and to have sunk again as much below it. And this phenomenon occurred four times. The despatch from the British consul stated, that the especial force of the earthquake seemed to be directly under the city; for while Lisbon was lifted from the ground, as if by the explosion of a gunpowder mine, the damage either above or below was not so considerable. One of the principal quays, to which it was said that many people had crowded for safety, was plunged under the Tagus, and totally disappeared. Ships were carried down by the shock on the river, dashed to pieces against each other, or flung upon the shore. To complete the catastrophe, fires broke out in the ruins, which spread over the face of the city, burned for five or six days, and reduced all the goods and property of the people to ashes. For forty days the shocks continued with more or less violence; but they had now nothing left to destroy. The people were thus kept in a constant state of alarm, and forced to encamp in the open fields, though it was now winter. The royal family were encamped in the gardens of the palace; and, as if all the elements of society had been shaken together, Lisbon and its vicinity became the place of gathering for banditti from all quarters in the kingdom. A number of Spanish deserters made their way to the city, and robberies and murders of the most desperate kind were constantly perpetrated. During this awful period, the whole weight of government fell upon the shoulders of the minister; and he bore it well. He adopted the most active measures for provisioning the city, for repressing plunder and violence, and for enabling the population to support themselves during this period of suffering. It was calculated, that seven millions sterling could scarcely repair the damage of the city; and that no less than eighty thousand lives had been lost, either crushed by the earth, or swallowed up by the waters. Some conception of the native mortality may be formed from that of the English; of the comparatively small number of whom, resident at that time in Lisbon, no less than twenty-eight men and fifty women were among the sufferers. The royal family were at the palace of Belem when this tremendous calamity occurred. Pombal instantly hastened there. He found every one in consternation. "What is to be done," exclaimed the king, as he entered, "to meet this infliction of divine justice?" The calm and resolute answer of Pombal was—"Bury the dead, and feed the living." This sentence is still recorded with honour in the memory of Portugal.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

